

The Byler Affair by General_KJ

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler is a 28 year old gay man trapped in a unhappy marriage to Jane Hopper desperate for a connection to another male. What happens when he meets Will Byers for the first time?

1. Long Day

Notes for the Chapter:

I have far too many ideas lol and affair fics are something I always enjoy so voila, this will get updated less than senior year scheming but it will be finished eventually lol

Mike Wheeler had everything a person could logically ask for. A well paid job, a big house, an expensive car, a beautiful loving wife, and a perfect little daughter. He had everything his parents had ever told him he wanted, and yet why was he so unhappy? The job, house and car were ok, but money didn't make him happy. He loved his daughter, Chloe with all his heart; she came the closest to making him happy, but it wasn't quite enough. The problem lay with his spouse.

He loved Jane like you would a friend or a sister, but he never truly loved her the way a husband was supposed to. He only married her to make his parents happy. He felt guilty knowing that Jane loved him more than he loved her, but it wasn't something he could help. They had met in middle school and been each other's first and last relationship. He knew when he started dating her that he would never love her, but it kept his parents from being suspicious.

His parents were rich so he had always been served everything he could ever want, even if this meant he had very little choice in life. His parents had started wondering why their attractive son wasn't getting a girlfriend around middle school age, so he knew he had to do something otherwise they might figure it out. Jane was the new kid in school, and she seemed nice enough. So he thought why not?

Every time he kissed her he felt nothing. He had to imagine it was someone else just to not throw up, and he had to be heavily intoxicated to ever have sex with her. He wondered how he had been with her for 17 years and she never suspected anything. She wasn't stupid he knew that, but she certainly wasn't very observant. How could she have not noticed his lack of enthusiasm over the years? Did she just think that he wasn't an affectionate person? Did she think he

didn't really like the idea of sex? Neither of these were true, she just wasn't someone he could give it to.

He had figured out he was gay as a child. Every time Dustin and Lucas talked about pretty girls all he could do was join in half-heartedly whilst he was busy staring at the pretty blonde boy across the playground. His parents were passionate conservative Reaganites and he had figured out early that it would be a bad idea to tell his parents about his preferences. Eventually they started noticing his lack of interest in girls though, so he had to make a move.

Lucas had found Max and Dustin had found Suzie a few years later, and now they were all in happy committed relationships. Neither of his friends had married their significant others yet though, the only reason he had was because his parents had forced him to marry her after he got her pregnant. The downside of having to be quite unaware during your sexual experiences was that you're apparently more likely to forget a condom. He had to watch Jane excitedly put on her engagement ring, go dress shopping and walk down the aisle whilst he was screaming inside.

He had never told anyone his preferences. He had never kissed a boy or done anything more interesting no matter how much he wanted to. He had had a few opportunities over the years, a couple of guys in high school and college had looked his way before. But he had never risked it because Jane was always right beside him attached to his arm. Even 6 years into an unhappy marriage he still dreamed of being with a guy. His parents had no control over him now, why shouldn't he?

If he weren't afraid of upsetting Jane or losing his daughter, he probably would have just gone to a gay club years ago and had some random guy fuck his brains out. If he meets one more guy that is interested in him he wasn't sure if he could resist that urge any longer. He's had to pretend to be the perfect straight son all his life. Why shouldn't he finally get a shot at happiness? C'mon it's 1999, not the middle ages. He no longer was in debt to his parents. He was free apart from the fact he worked in the same company as his dad, but that was a problem for later.

Mike finally sighed and zoned back into reality. He had been sitting

in his car in the driveway staring straight ahead for the last 20 minutes thinking about how miserable he is. He had to get out of the car and go inside to pretend to be the perfect husband at some point. At least he didn't have to pretend to love his daughter, but it was getting more difficult to fool his wife. He had never been the one to initiate anything in their relationship, but recently he had been flat out refusing physical contact which he knew frustrated her. The real reason was that he was trying to stop drinking, but as he needed a lot of alcohol to bring himself to have sex with her they hadn't had sex in months.

Mike sighed again and dragged himself out of his brand new Porsche, grabbing his briefcase. He started walking across the gravel towards his large house. He had a 6 figure office job at 28 years old. Most people would be thrilled whereas he was just disinterested. He hadn't asked for his parents to pay for a business major at Harvard. He was just lucky that they let him take an English literature minor. He had always wanted to be a writer and still spent a lot of his free time writing even if his parents hadn't let him make a career out of it.

He finished his walk across his large front lawn to the wooden front door. He slowly drew the keys out of his pockets and inserted them in the lock. Despite shivering in the cool October air, Mike was in no hurry to face another night with his loving wife. Mike didn't even bother checking if the door was open; he knew it would be locked. Jane had always been funny about locking doors even if they were both in the house. After a few seconds, the door clicked open and he walked inside dragging his feet like a zombie. He quickly put down his briefcase, hung his coat up and leant down to take off his fancy shoes.

As he straightened up he caught sight of himself in the hallway mirror. He still looked a lot like he did as a teenager, no wrinkles or grey hairs yet. His long raven black curls still flowed freely a few inches above his shoulders. His shoulders, arms and stomach were significantly more muscular than they were as a teen. He went to the gym once per week, weightlifting usually though he did also enjoy fencing occasionally. His legs weren't quite as muscled; he went running occasionally but it wasn't something he enjoyed as much so he stuck to arm exercises usually. He had a flat stomach and was

basically in good physical condition even if he wasn't in a good mental one. Especially now he had stopped drinking, before a beer belly could start to form.

He stood at 6ft2, towering over Jane at 5ft9. He had always been the tallest of his friends, none of them ever passing the 6ft mark. He wore an uncomfortable suit and tie as required for his workplace. The suit was black whilst the tie was red. He couldn't wait to not have to wear it tomorrow. Fridays were always better days, it meant that it was the weekend which gave him more time with Chloe. Jane generally took care of childcare as was expected of women, however much he disagreed with it. At least she worked in a shop on weekends and while Chloe was at school.

As if he had sent her name out loud, his daughter interrupted his thoughts by running into the entry hall and jumping on him. "Daddy" she shrieked excitedly, clearly pleased to see him. She had always seemed to like him more than Jane; it was something she complained about repeatedly. Mike figured it was just because she had to see her mother more, so seeing her father was like a special treat. She looked exactly like a miniature Jane though, long brown hair and big brown eyes with a pretty face.

"Hello pumpkin," he replied, smiling at her whilst readjusting her in his arms. "How was your day?"

"Amazing. I punched Derek Miller in the face," she said happily without a trace of remorse. "Mr. Byers told me off though," she finished slightly more sadly.

Mike was lost for words for a second. He couldn't imagine Chloe punching anyone so he just started walking towards the kitchen with her in his arms whilst he tried to figure out a response. "Chloe, punching people is wrong. Why did you do that?" he said eventually, halfway down the hallway.

"Ugh. That's what Mommy and Mr Byers said," she moaned before continuing. "He deserved it. He was saying that boys can't love other boys and girls can't love other girls, which I think is stupid." She huffed.

This caused Mike to pause his movement, as he was suddenly the proudest he had ever been of his daughter whilst simultaneously having to be angry with her. He supposed his very liberal parenting finally paid off. "Violence isn't the answer, but you are right that he was wrong. What did Mr. Byers say when you told him this?" he questioned, wondering whether the teacher was homophobic.

"He gave us both timeouts, but Derek's was longer," she said, sounding pleased with herself.

"Well, that's good." Mike sighed glad that the teacher was a good person. "But violence is wrong. Remember this in future, missy" he says, continuing his walk to the kitchen now.

"Fine," she grumbled as they entered the kitchen. The Wheelers kitchen was quite large and modern like the rest of their house being in the richer part of the suburbs of New York. They had a large front and back garden, a living room, playroom, kitchen, dining room, and an office for him on the downstairs. Upstairs they had 3 large bedrooms, all with ensuite bathrooms. Whilst below they had a basement a similar size to his parents one. It was the reason he had chosen this house, as the party still had a monthly D&D night which he wanted to host. Jane never played so it was just him, Dustin, Lucas, Max and Suzie.

Jane looked up from the counter where she was preparing dinner when they entered, giving him a small smile in greeting. "Hello, honey. How was work?" she asked before looking back at what she was doing.

"The usual," Mike responds. "I'm guessing you both have already had an in depth conversation about Chloe's behaviour?" he asks, ignoring the scowl on his daughter's face.

"Yes, we have" Jane says before giving him a look that says 'I want to talk to you alone.'

After translating this look, he slowly lowered Chloe to the floor. "Go and play in the playroom. I will see you at dinner. Okay, sweetie?" Mike says.

"Fine," she agrees, pulling a face briefly before it morphed into a smile. "Bye daddy."

"See you later, sweetie," Mike replies, planting a kiss on her head before watching her skip off in the direction of the playroom. He then sighs and turns to his wife. "So, what's wrong?" he asks tiredly.

"Chloe's kindergarten teacher wants to see us for a meeting tonight," she says, sighing. "But as Max and Suzie are coming over tonight, that means it will have to be you."

Mike groaned before replying. "I've never met him. You usually handle the school stuff. Can't he reschedule?"

"He wants to address Chloe's behaviour as soon as possible, and he's busy the next few nights. Besides, I think it's a good opportunity for you to meet him. He's a really nice guy," Jane replies firmly.

"Fine," Mike concedes. "When and where am I going?"

"I will write down the address for you. He wants to meet you at his apartment. As for the time," she says, turning to the antique cuckoo clock on the wall that had been a wedding present. "He wants you to be there by 6:30, meaning you should set off as soon as you've eaten dinner. It's roughly a half an hour drive."

"Ok," Mike responds tiredly. "I will go set the table then. How long will dinner be?"

"About 10 mins I think. Love you honey," she replies before leaning over to give him a kiss on the cheek. When her lips meet his cheek, he has to hide a grimace. Even after 17 years he can't help but feel guilty and disgusted about her affection. So, after a brief "I love you too," he quickly grabs the cutlery and makes his retreat.

Not long later he pulls out his chair from underneath the oak dining room table and flops down at the head of the table. He tries unsuccessfully not to chuckle when he watches Chloe struggling to climb up into the seat on his right, earning him a playful glare. His good mood sours, however, when Jane enters the room with 2 bowls in her hands, one with spaghetti the other with mince. Spaghetti

bolognese was a Friday favourite of theirs. He knows he should probably divorce her if this is what her presence alone makes him feel, but he doesn't want to hurt her when she so obviously loves him.

Jane places the bowls in the middle of the table and starts serving out food onto Chloe's plate, before taking her seat to his left and starting to serve out the food onto her own plate. After she finished and started eating, Mike took that as his signal to grab his serving. Whilst he served his food onto his plate, Chloe decided at that moment to start a conversation. She instantly started babbling along about everything she had done that day. The fight wasn't mentioned, fortunately. After she eventually tired, Jane decided to ask him about his day and after a few mumbled responses an uncomfortable silence fell. Mike had a feeling that Jane knew there was something wrong at this point, but he also knew that she had no idea what it was and would never address the obvious tension.

Eventually they all finished and Jane went to wash up whilst Mike prepared to go out again. Dinner was delicious as usual. Jane had really got into cooking in college. Seemingly half their budget was spent on exotic spices. Mike really didn't want to go out again that night, but for his daughter's sake he was willing to. After all he wasn't sure where this violent streak had come from. Besides maybe Jane was right, maybe meeting the teacher would be a good thing. He sounds like a nice guy.

After kissing Chloe goodnight and yelling a goodbye to Jane (he didn't want to kiss her), he hurried to the door. His long legs made huge strides before slamming it behind him and stepping out into the night. The night air was colder than it was an hour or so ago, so he didn't stray too long on the porch before stalking over to his car. Yanking open the door, he quickly scrambled inside.

Mike quickly programmed the address Jane gave him into his sat nav and set off towards the city, Mr. Byers' apartment seemingly a bit closer to the inner city than his own. His David Bowie tape played at full volume as he drove. Jane probably could have worked out he was gay from his music choices alone, Mike mused. The roads were quiet in the suburbs fortunately, so he was unlikely to be late, rush hour seemingly long gone. Traffic picked up a bit as he neared his

destination, but still not too bad. Large white picket fence houses turned into tall apartment buildings.

Eventually he stopped outside a decently nice looking 5 story block and parked his car on the curb. He hadn't thought much on the journey, and he didn't waste any time thinking about things now. He proceeded to step out of the car, closing and locking it behind him. It seemed a nice enough neighbourhood so he didn't worry about his car being vandalised. He quickly strode towards the building desperate not to be in the cold for too long.

Mike quickly opened the external door and headed into the building. A few strides later he reached the stairs and began the climb. Mr Byers lived on the 4th floor, apparently. Upon reaching his floor, Mike walked quickly down the hallway searching for the right apartment. He stopped outside a brightly coloured door, emboldened by different coloured swirls of paint. He supposed that Mr Byers was an artistic type; that would certainly explain his daughter's recent painting phase.

He took a deep breath before knocking on the door, nervous for some reason yet he had no idea why. It was a parent teacher discussion. How hard could it be? He heard footsteps echoing from through the door which abruptly stopped after a few seconds. The sound was swiftly replaced by the sound of a lock being opened. As the door was pulled open, Mike found his mind going blank as he found himself face to face with Mr Byers, only one thought going through his head.

‘Oh my God, he’s fucking gorgeous.’

Notes for the Chapter:

Whelp that's the prologue, no idea if its possible to give El a happy ending in this one :-)

Secret relationships are my thing apparently lol

2. Mr Byers

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike meets Mr Byers for the first time and the parent teacher conference really doesn't go how he expected it too.

Notes for the Chapter:

Byler has pretty much became my life and I have no regrets lol

Mike couldn't help but stare at the man in front of him. He was the most beautiful person he had ever met. He reminded Mike of Jane except male and twice as pretty. He was roughly 5ft10, only slightly taller than Jane, so he had to look down slightly. His chestnut hair looked like it was shimmering in the light. It was cut short on the sides and brushed over to one side on top. Mike had the strangest urge to run his fingers through it.

He had big hazel eyes which Mike instantly got lost in, distracted by the small specks of green hidden within them. Mike's eyes trailed over his pretty eyebrows down to his small nose, then they moved sideways to take in perfect cheekbones. His gaze lingered on his full red lips for a few moments before moving to take in small ears and a sharp clean shaven jawline. He barely dared to keep going down but he couldn't resist.

His eyes moved downwards to a thin neck emblazoned by a few pretty moles, before taking in strong looking shoulders. The man in front of him seemed to be built lean and lithe. Probably a runner, Mike mused. He wore a white flannel long sleeved shirt covered in paint stains along with loose blue jeans also covered in paint marks and rainbow coloured socks on his feet. Mike's gaze stopped on the other man's crotch, hormones that had been dormant since he was a teenager being activated. He found himself unable to look away.

"Mr. Wheeler I presume?" the man asked, tilting his head slightly to the side, causing Mike's eyes to shoot upwards quickly to once again

lock with hazel ones. If the man noticed Mike checking him out then he didn't comment. If he had been staring much longer though it could have been embarrassing. He had no idea how long he had been doing that. He feels his cheeks heat up slightly in embarrassment as he looks at Mr. Byers. What would the beautiful man have said if he discovered Mike ogling his crotch?

Mike nodded in response to the question after a few moments of recovery and then asked his own question. "Mr. Byers?" The man nodded in reply and held out a hand to Mike with a warm smile. Mike took it gladly and shook it. When their hands disconnected Mike couldn't help but feel a sense of loss at no longer touching the soft skin of the man's small hands.

"Nice to meet you. Come in. You can hang your coat up on the hook and your shoes by the door," Mr. Byers said as he opened the door wider for Mike and started walking further into the flat. Mike opened his mouth to respond, but no words came out as when Mr. Byers turned Mike caught sight of his ass for the first time and started staring all over again. He stood motionless in the doorway for a few seconds just staring at the retreating man before shaking himself out of it and entering the flat.

He closed the door quietly behind him before putting his coat on the hook Mr. Byers had offered whilst removing his shoes and following the smaller man down the entry hall. The entry hall was a small narrow corridor with a door to the front leading to the living room and another door on the left that appeared to be a closet. Mike hears his feet patter against the wooden floorboards as he walks into the living room.

The living room appeared to be a spacious homely room. He stood facing a modestly sized television which was surrounded by a wooden table, a green couch, and two small green armchairs. There was a bulging bookshelf placed against the right wall and the walls were adorned with dozens of fantastic paintings. To the left there was a door presumably leading to the bathroom. On either side of the tv there was a bedroom door, the one on the left appearing to be the bigger one and to the right there was an archway leading to a kitchen. There was also an easel set up on the left side of the room, so presumably Mr. Byers had been in the middle of something which

would explain the paint stains.

“Do you want something to drink?” Mr. Byers suddenly asked from his position near the archway, making Mike jump and turn his head around sharply as he was once again interrupted from his thoughts.

“Just water please,” he replies after a moment or so. The brunette gives him a smile and a nod and disappears into the kitchen.

Mike decides to occupy himself by looking at the paintings on the wall after the man disappears in order to prevent him from slipping into his thoughts again. They all were absolutely brilliant, the kind of thing Mike would usually see in an art gallery, not that he went to many. As brilliant as they were, they were also odd. There were one or two ordinary portraits of people, but the rest of them seemed to feature things one would expect to find in nightmares. Ghoulish monsters, and dark landscapes. They reminded him of D&D somewhat but they also seemed more twisted. Mike guessed that these were all Will's pictures. He wonders if someday his daughter might produce things like this.

His thoughts are once again interrupted as he stares at a picture of a shadowy figure standing menacingly over a town by Mr. Byers returning from the kitchen with two glasses. The beautiful man hands him his glass and gestures to the couch as he makes his way over to the armchair on the left. Mike tries not to blush as he accepts the invitation and moves to sit down in the seat offered. He almost trips over the rainbow coloured rug situated near the seating as he was too distracted staring at the smaller man, but he manages to catch himself.

He plops himself down on the couch which was surprisingly comfortable and puts his glass on the table near to where Mr. Byers had put his after taking a quick sip. He tries to pay attention to the man in front of him, but it's a struggle not to just sit and gawk at him. “Did you like my paintings?” the short man asks suddenly without looking up as he rifles through the box by his feet.

“Yes, they are very interesting. Hopefully you can rub off on my daughter,” Mike replies with a laugh, pushing through his nervousness at speaking to the very hot guy.

"Thank you. Chloe shows promise. I'm sure if she sticks with it she will go far," he says with a small smile which Mike can only just about see because of his bent head. A few more moments of silence pass as the man looks for whatever it is he's looking for when suddenly he looks up again, file in hand and a look of satisfaction on his face. "Finally. I thought I had left it at work for a second then," he says to himself with a chuckle. The man now focuses his attention on Mike and Mike has to suppress a shiver at having the man look at him like that. "Now Mr. Wheeler, I assume Jane has told you why you are here?"

"Yes, she has. But please call me Mike," he replies. He hated being called Mr. Wheeler, it reminded him too much of his father.

"Ok, Mike. You can call me Will," he says kindly as Mike suppresses a blush at learning the cute guy's name. "This isn't meant to be particularly formal, which is why we are here instead of at the school. Chloe has been demonstrating some strange behaviour, so I would like to talk to you sooner rather than later."

"Was the incident today not the only time?" Mike asks worriedly, focussing on the reason why he actually came here for the first time since he entered the apartment.

"This was the first incident that could be considered major, but she has been nasty to other students even if she hasn't been violent before now," Will replies with a frown. Mike was shocked. Since when has his daughter been behaving like this? Surely Jane would have told him this if she knew? Then again he avoids talking to her when possible so maybe it's his fault.

"She is very opinionated for such a young age. She gets into arguments a lot and has been quite irritable at school in general. Often children who behave like this have a difficult situation outside of school. Is there anything that might have caused this at home?" Mr. Byers questions as Mike feels his blood run cold. Was it his fault that his daughter was acting like this because he had been so distant with Jane? What can he do to change that though? He couldn't suddenly stop being gay and love Jane.

"No, I don't think so," Mike lies. Will looks at him like he knows he's

being untruthful, but thankfully he doesn't question Mike's response.

"Chloe's a bright girl. I'm sure she will get on very well if she manages to change her behaviour," Will says reassuringly.

"We will talk to her in depth over the weekend." Mike sighs, bringing his hand to his forehead briefly.

"Good. I would also like to ask where she is getting her opinions from, as the subject of today's incident was an interesting one. I'm assuming you've been told?" Will asked, looking very curious.

"Yes, I have. I've always told her she can love who she wants. Didn't quite expect her to punch someone over what I said though." Mike chuckled. "Even though I would never encourage such behaviour, I'm still proud of her for defending that ideal," he says a bit more quietly.

"I know exactly what you mean," Will replies, giving a strange smile which Mike didn't have time to translate before it was gone. "Anyways, I would now like to give a list of everything else she has done and then give a brief overview of how she's doing at school in general whilst we have the time. Then I can send you home." Will chuckles.

Mike nods and settles back into the couch as he vaguely listens to Will's beautiful voice as he begins talking about more mundane things his daughter has done. He found himself staring at Will again. He couldn't help it; he had never seen someone this pretty before. Sure models and porn stars are meant to look ridiculously gorgeous, but Will is pretty in the best possible way. He was beautiful because nature made him that way. Mike had never found himself more attracted to someone before. There's just something about Will that made him incapable of not staring.

It doesn't matter that he will never have a chance with the stunning man in front of him who is most likely straight. Nor does it matter that he's been trapped in a loveless marriage for 6 years and a dead relationship for 17 years incapable of finding someone like him. All that matters is that he is able to admire the beauty of the man in front of him as he talks about his daughter. The only thing Mike wants to do is be able to feel those plump cherry coloured lips brush

against his own, but if he can't have that he is content to just spend the evening staring at them.

He jumps in surprise out of his blissful stupor as Will suddenly closes the folder on his lap with a loud snap instantly rousing Mike. "Is there anything you want to ask me about Chloe before I let you go?" Will asked, looking at him inquisitively as he puts the folder back in the box.

Mike had just spent at least an hour, probably more paying no attention to Will because he was too busy checking him out. What the hell was he supposed to ask to make it seem like he was listening? Mike suddenly realises he had water left in his glass as he looks around the room searching desperately for something to say. He grabs the glass and starts drinking, hoping that if he spends long enough drinking his drink then he will be able to avoid the question. Will looks amused by his reaction though which is strange, but he doesn't have time to ponder this as suddenly the cause of Will's amusement becomes abundantly clear.

"Or if you don't want to talk about Chloe we could instead talk about how you've been checking me out since you got here," Will said nonchalantly like it was nothing though his eyes obviously rung with laughter. Mike however is thrown into panic as he spits out his drink all over himself but that doesn't really concern him. The cute guy he had just met just figured him out. This was the most embarrassed he had ever been. Thank god Will wasn't homophobic.

"Mike, before you try and deny it, please don't bother. It's painfully obvious." Will chuckled. "We can have a proper discussion once you've cleaned up and composed yourself." Mike's string of apologies that had been bursting to escape his mouth seconds previously all instantly die in his throat at Will's words. He finds all he can do is nod in agreement and shuffle off in the direction of the bathroom, resisting the urge to throw up in a stranger's home.

He may have been able to somewhat keep his composure whilst he was still in the room, but as soon as the lock snaps shut Mike feels his legs buckle. He grabs on to the sink for dear life, trying desperately to calm himself down. It was a small room. The floor was a plain white colour which directly contrasted to the tiling on the walls which were

painted in a plethora of every colour possible. Will probably painted it himself, Mike mused. He doesn't know if the abundance of rainbows in the apartment has any significance.

The room was too small to fit a bath like his own home, but the pristine fixtures in the room seemed nice enough from his position clutching the sink. There was also a small window for light opposite the door. The apartment seemed to struggle for natural light due to its design. Mike had to resist the urge to try and throw himself out of it. He spent a good deal of time staring at the bathroom fixtures to distract himself from the pure terror he was feeling at having to discuss this topic with someone for the first time ever.

Eventually he calmed down enough so he could stand up without his knees shaking. He looked at himself in the mirror above the sink. He was even paler than usual, which was rare considering he was called a vampire at the best of times. He sighed as he grabbed a towel from next to the shower and started drying himself off. His mind was racing with what on earth he was going to say. Before now he had been planning on being miserable forever. He had never even thought about how to talk about this, let alone with a complete stranger.

With his clothes now somewhat dry, he released his death grip on the sink and moved towards the locked door. He took a deep breath before unlocking the door and stepping back into the living room. Will made no move to turn around when the door opened. His seat was facing away from him, so Mike had no idea whether Will had even noticed. He slowly started to shuffle back towards the couch, dragging his feet to make the walk last as long as possible.

When he passed Will, the shorter man appeared to snap out of staring into space and turned to look at him and offered an encouraging smile whilst Mike could only grimace in return. He plopped himself back down on the couch and stared at his feet nervously. What was he supposed to say? There was no deny everything option, Will had caught him in the act several times over before he had said anything. He didn't even bother opening his mouth to speak, he didn't trust what might come out.

"So you're obviously not straight," Will said casually. Mike nodded in

agreement. He was just glad that he didn't have to start this conversation. "I'm guessing you're not happy in your marriage as you're checking out a random guy you just met," Will continued and Mike found himself nodding again. "But as you married her in the first place I'm guessing you're bisexual?" Will asked. This time Mike couldn't nod, he had to shake his head. This was worse than admitting he liked guys; it was admitting the whole thing in one night: being gay, never loving his wife, everything.

"So you're gay?" Will questioned, sounding surprised for the first time. Mike merely nodded in response, still not able to look up from his feet. When he came here tonight he had really not been expecting this conversation. He could probably have lied for half his answers but he felt Will would probably know, and strangely if there was one person he didn't want to lie to was Will. "So would you mind telling me how you ended up married with a kid if you don't even like girls?" Will asked calmly.

Mike was caught now, he couldn't continue this conversation non-verbally. He felt tears filling his eyes as he finally looked up and into Will's caring eyes. He couldn't lie to him; he felt an unexplainable urge to trust this man with his darkest secrets. He hadn't cried in years, he had to become a master at pretending to be ok since he first figured things out. Even if he felt like having a breakdown daily he still managed to maintain his façade. But tonight he felt like crawling into Will's comforting arms and bawling his eyes out. He didn't, however. Instead he sucked up his tears like he had been doing most his life and had his first honest conversation with a fellow human since he met El.

He found himself confessing his life story to Will. Every single shitty feeling he had ever had, every single shitty thing that had ever happened to him, and every single shitty thing he had ever done. Will was the first person he had ever truly trusted in his lifetime, the first person to make him feel safe. He finally had a confidant who would not betray him. Will was like the best friend he had always wanted, the person to make him whole, the person he had been waiting for his entire life. He was the person he needed when he sat on the swings by himself on his first day of kindergarten.

Throughout his entire confession Will just sat there with an

unreadable expression, listening to everything he had to say. He didn't interrupt once, never judging his decisions, never telling him he was the bad person he felt he was. This was the first time he had been on the receiving end of true empathy. It sent happy sparks flying through him as he laid himself bare. He may have been feeling nervous before but as the conversation went on Mike began to feel better. He was finally able to admit everything he's been holding onto for so long. It was like a massive weight had been lifted.

When Mike finished speaking the nerves returned. He was waiting for Will to say something. Surely he wouldn't suddenly turn around and call him a freak after all this? Had he told a stranger all his darkest secrets for nothing? He was left in suspense for a while with Will just looking at him. He didn't know what to think. He was already regretting being honest. Will was about to throw him out and tell Jane everything, wasn't he?

When he saw the corners of Will's mouth lifting up into a small smile, he released a sigh of relief that he hadn't realised he had been holding. He was safe, Will wasn't going to be horrible to him. He felt safe for the first time in his life, here with this gorgeous man. With his anxiety released he sunk back into the couch again, waiting for Will's beautiful voice to pierce the silence. What on earth would this random guy he had just met say to all of this?

"That was a very brave thing to do. Admitting all of that would have been difficult for anyone. Just admitting your sexuality is hard enough, but all of that additional baggage made it even harder. I hardly know you but I'm proud of you," Will said comfortingly. Mike instantly felt like bursting into tears again after Will had finished speaking. No one had ever been this nice to him. He felt ridiculously happy just because he had been accepted for who he was for the first time ever. It was ironic how he felt better now than he did on his wedding day.

"I'm not sure how much it helps you telling you this, but I think if you had been checking anyone else out they wouldn't have noticed," Will said quietly after a short pause to allow Mike to process. Mike was now confused though. Where was Will going with this? "You could say it takes one to know one," Will said looking him straight in the eye like he was confessing something. It takes Mike a few seconds

to grasp Will's meaning. It wasn't particularly cryptic but it was still a lot for someone so wracked with emotional turmoil.

When Mike finally understood, he felt his heart leap for joy. The hot guy was gay! He had no reason to be worried this whole time. Of course Will would accept his identity, he had the same identity. Maybe he had a chance. Maybe he finally found a guy who likes him. Maybe this could be his escape from his depressing life of heteronormativity. Screw the fact he was married; he would divorce Jane here and now in exchange for just one kiss from Will. Maybe he feels the same? Is it rude to ask a guy out you've just met? How the fuck should he know?

His joy and relief at Will's statement must have shown on his face as when he zoned back into reality he found the short man across from him chuckling heartily. He couldn't help but join in as he felt absolutely giddy. At this moment nothing could get him down. This was the most connected he had ever felt to another human. He longed to know if Will felt the same. Screw it, tonight was a night of confessions. What's one more?

"So, do you have a boyfriend?" Mike eventually asked once their chuckles had disappeared. He was shocked at himself for being so direct. The adrenaline he was feeling must be very strong.

Will looked amused by the question almost like he knew why Mike was asking. "No. Why? Are you offering?" Will jokes, but Mike feels like he sees something questioning in his eyes, like the question he asked in jest was actually serious. "I've had a few minor relationships over the years, nothing particularly special," Will says after a pause. Was this an invitation? Or was he misinterpreting the situation entirely?

"What if I was offering?" Mike said hesitantly. This could still very much blow up in his face.

"Well, I would respond with something along the lines of you're married and we met an hour or so ago." Will chuckles, but again Mike sees something strange in his eyes, like he was hoping that Mike would continue.

"I would reply that we both know my marriage is dead and I've never felt this way about a person I've just met before." Mike offered a faint smile brimming with hope to the shorter man.

"I would say I felt the same way," Will said quietly. Mike feels his heart leap into his throat at Will's words, but Will continues before he can actually leap for joy. "But I also wouldn't want to rush into anything. I find you as attractive as you obviously find me and I feel like our personalities click together, but you're still married and we still have only just met," Will says hurriedly. Mike's heart drops slightly but not entirely as this still isn't a no. "But saying all that, I would like to get to know you better, and something might happen if we truly like each other," Will finishes with a cautious tone.

Mike would quite happily kiss Will right now, but he also knew that Will was right. Their relationship would probably not last long if they rushed into things that quickly. "You're right." Mike sighs in disappointment. "When are you next free? Maybe we could get to know each other a bit better?" he asks hopefully.

"I would like that," Will says with a smile. "Are you busy this weekend?"

"No, I'm on parenting duty. Jane is working in the afternoon both days," Mike replied. "I thought Jane said you were busy for the next few nights though," Mike said, quirking an eyebrow inquisitively.

"You could say something more important came up," Will said with a cheeky smile. It was so cute, it made Mike's cheeks light up slightly. "I can come tomorrow afternoon if that's ok?"

"At least she likes me. It would be worse if she hated me," Will said, chuckling.

"This is not how I expected tonight to go. I spent more time coming out to a hot guy than I did talking about my daughter."

"Me neither. I was expecting just an ordinary parent teacher conference. Instead this raven haired beauty showed up and came out to me then asked me out."

"I spent the night wishing you were gay and liked me. Finally one of my wishes came true."

"Were the rainbows all over my flat not a clue?" Will asked with a laugh. "If you hadn't been so busy checking me out, you might have noticed I was doing the same thing."

Mike's euphoria faded slightly at Will's words, but he wasn't sad, just confused. What did rainbows have to do with anything? How hadn't he noticed Will checking him out as well? Was he just so mesmerised by Will? It was nice to know that Will liked how he looked as well as his personality though. He knew that he looked good, but it was still nice to hear it. Hearing that Will liked him as a person was even better though, as he had been in a poor mental state for so long that he had lost a lot of self-confidence. He was overjoyed to have met such a kind, compassionate, and beautiful person.

"What's the significance of rainbows?" Mike asked, deciding that he needed to understand that.

Will just looked at him like he was crazy for a second before a look of realisation crosses his face and his mouth goes into an o shape. "Sorry, I thought you would know. It's basically a symbol for gay pride. So anyone apart from you apparently would probably be able to guess my sexuality from one look at my apartment." Will chuckled. Mike was completely surprised. Had he isolated himself from his own community so much that he had missed the rainbow symbol? He felt a bit stupid now.

"I guess that you will need to teach me some things." Mike giggled. Even if a relationship didn't work out, Mike would still like to have Will as a lifelong friend.

"I intend to," Will said, returning his giggle. "But I think you should get home before Jane thinks I've kidnapped you."

Mike sighed loudly. He knew his happiness had to end at some point. He eventually would have to return to his life of misery. Maybe someday he wouldn't have to return, maybe someday he would be brave enough to get a divorce and start living his life to the fullest. But for now he was content with the knowledge that he would get to

see Will again tomorrow, and that gave him the strength to make himself stand up to leave so that tomorrow might come sooner. “Yeah, you're right. This conversation was exhausting,” he says with a yawn, suddenly realising just how tired he was.

He hears the sound of Will getting up from his armchair as he shuffles towards the door. He quickly puts on his coat and shoes and opens the door. Once through it he turns and finds Will hovering right behind him. He jumps slightly from how close he is. “Guess I will see you tomorrow then,” Mike said, scratching the back of his neck nervously.

“Can't wait,” Will confirms with a comforting smile whilst holding the door with one hand. A silence falls as they both seem to realise that they are close enough to feel the other's warm breath on their face. Mike couldn't stop his eyes from flicking down to Will's lips again as he stood there, wondering what they would feel like pressed against his own. When he eventually tore his eyes away he found Will was doing the exact same thing. Had Will really been doing this the entire time he had been here and he had been too distracted to notice?

He also discovered that whilst he had been distracted by Will's lips their faces had gotten closer. When did that happen? He didn't hasten to move his face though. He just kept staring into the deep pools of tranquillity that belonged to this beautiful man. If he could only have this one moment then he would still die happy knowing that another man felt this way about him.

A bang echoed from down the hallway as some moron closed their door, snapping both men out of the stupor caused by the other. They both jolted backwards slightly with shock. With a few more paces now separating them, Mike wished he had just taken the chance and moved forwards a few more inches whilst he still had the opportunity. But the moment was gone now and as he and Will stared sheepishly at each other he just hoped that another moment like this would present itself.

“Bye, Will,” he says quietly, silently wishing he could stay.

Will's face scrunched up for a moment like he was wanting the exact

same thing, but the look was gone as fast as it had appeared. Instead of saying whatever he was thinking, the brunette simply said, "bye, Mike." With one last longing look, Will closed the door and Mike was left alone in the dark hallway.

The hallway wasn't just dark because it no longer was penetrated by the light of Will's home. It was also dark because it no longer had the glowing presence of Will in it. He took one more look of yearning towards the colourful door belonging to the most gentle soul Mike had ever come across before starting to walk down the hallway.

This time around he was much more aware of how loudly each footstep reverberated through the entire corridor. Each sound of his shoe slapping against the floor was a reminder that he was a step further away from Will. Surely it wasn't normal to feel such a sense of loss at leaving behind a man he had just met? If he believed in love at first sight he supposed that this would be it? He immediately dismissed that last thought as ridiculous though.

Eventually he made it out into the cold night air. It was colder than it was earlier due to it being late autumn. The glow of the street lights lit up his car as he hurried towards it. He didn't want to be out in the cold for long. As he began the drive home he desperately hoped that the car would warm up quickly as he was fucking freezing even after half a minute outside.

The car journey passed quickly due to him being lost in his own thoughts. He was probably lucky that there was no one else on the roads this time of night with how distracted he was. All he could think about was Will. How pretty Will was, what might Will be doing now, what would it be like to hold Will in his arms, what would it be like to fu-. Mike cut off that last thought quickly before he caused himself a problem. Although Will may have admitted to liking him, that didn't mean he should instantly start thinking derogatory things about him, no matter how sexy he was.

He tried to clear all thoughts of Will from his mind as he pulled into his driveway because he was about to have to talk to three women. He climbed out of his car quickly, desperate to get this over with. He made long strides across the gravel as he approached his familiar doorway. He swiftly unlocks the door and steps inside his 'home'. As

he removes his shoes and jacket he hears the sound of cackling in the living room. He hesitantly approaches once finished, not particularly wanting to be judged by the redhead at this moment in time.

He opens the door and peers inside, spotting all three women seated around the living room gossiping about who knows what. They don't seem to have noticed his arrival, so he opens the door a bit more and clears his throat. The conversation ceases instantly at the noise as all three turn towards him with very different expressions. Suzie beamed at him brightly whilst Max scowled playfully at him, but Jane's loving look makes him feel guilty as she gets to her feet and approaches him.

"Hi, Mike," Suzie greeted happily. She has always been a very cheerful person. No wonder Dustin likes her so much.

"You need a haircut, Wheeler," Max said as her greeting. It may have sounded mocking, but Mike knew she didn't actually despise him. It was just how their friendship worked. Their playful arguments were somewhat enjoyable, even if Mike didn't have the energy for it right now.

"Hi, honey. How was it?" Jane asked as she leaned in to give him a kiss on the lips in greeting. He quickly avoided it though, so it landed on his cheek. But even that was uncomfortable. Even if he were attracted to her, it wouldn't feel right kissing her after he had just spent the last hour or so thinking about cheating on her. Jane looked a bit saddened by the rejection but she didn't seem to take it to heart. After all, this kind of thing was pretty normal by this point.

"It was good," Mike said with a smile. "I just want to borrow you for a bit to talk about it then I will let you get back to what you are doing." After Jane nods in agreement he turns his attention to the other two to answer their greetings. "Hi, Suzie. Nice to see you as always. And Max, I need a haircut no more than you do." Mike grins happily. It was a strange situation to be in where he liked the girlfriends of his two best friends better than his wife because they weren't trying to kiss him.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries he drags Jane into the next room and closes the door behind him. "So what did he say?" Jane

asks curiously as they both take a seat at the dining room table.

He had luckily already thought through what he was going to tell Jane in the car as he obviously couldn't tell her the full story. "He said that she has been very aggressive lately. Although this was the first incident of violence, she has been irritable for a while."

"Well, what can we do to change that?" Jane asks worriedly.

"Well, we obviously need to have a proper talk with her about this. And we maybe should take her out more after school and on weekends in case it has something to do with her being unhappy at home," Mike replies. He excluded what he suspected was the actual reason, though he had already decided to be nicer to Jane in front of Chloe in case that actually was the reason.

"Ok. As I'm working over the weekend, are you going to do something with her?" Jane questioned after nodding to what Mike said.

"In a way," Mike confessed hesitantly. He knew he had to mention Will coming over, as Chloe would definitely mention it otherwise because she was a chatterbox. But he also needed to be careful so that Jane didn't suspect his true motives. "I invited Will over for a few hours tomorrow afternoon."

Jane looks confused for a second, not recognising the name before realising who he must be referring to. "You're on first name terms with Mr. Byers already?" Jane ventured, surprised.

"Yeah, we got on really well. And Chloe likes him. Maybe him visiting will help with her behaviour," Mike replied, once again hiding his motives.

"That sounds like a great idea. I told you that you would like him," Jane responded with a smile as Mike sighs in relief. "But I thought he was busy over the next few days?"

"Yeah, he was able to move something back. Anything to help his students," Mike said, trying to disguise the fondness in his tone as he gives his pre-planned excuse.

“That’s nice of him. Make sure not to let him go before I get home from work so I can thank him.”

“Will do. Can you tell Suzie and Max goodnight for me? I’m tired and want to go to bed.” Mike asked with a convenient yawn.

“Of course. See you tomorrow, sweetie,” Jane says with a fond squeeze of his hand.

And with that they both get up and go their separate ways. As Mike watched his loving wife disappear, he selfishly wished that maybe she could stop being so perfect for once so he could bring himself to divorce her. With one last sigh, he turned and made his way towards the stairs. He could hear the resumption of giggles from the living room as he climbed the stairs. He hoped he wouldn’t be able to hear them from his room.

He was about to walk down the hallway towards his room when he found his legs carrying him elsewhere. Mike couldn’t resist opening the door of his daughter’s room slightly to check on her. Even if he didn’t have the instinct to love a woman, he certainly possessed the one to make him worry about his child.

She really was a beautiful girl, inside and out. He didn’t have to be straight to know that. She was a constant reminder that he should love Jane, but he didn’t. She was the real reason he was so hesitant to divorce Jane; he could get past his concerns for his wife’s welfare, but concerns for his daughter’s welfare were more difficult to overcome. After watching Chloe’s chest rise and fall for a minute or so he closed the door and walked towards his room.

He crossed the hall quickly, absentmindedly comparing the plain walls of his home to the art filled ones of Will’s. What would it be like to wake in a place that felt more like a home than a prison? He dismissed this thought as he opened and closed the door of his room. His mind was still racing with the events of the evening though. He knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep yet even if he wanted to in order to make tomorrow arrive sooner.

He settled for sitting by the window until he felt tired. He considered reading but he resolved that his mind was too occupied to

concentrate on the words on the page. He watched the pretty lights in the distance flickering with the activity that was always present in a city like New York. It was partially the reason why he had chosen to leave Hawkins for New York. The activity and bustle of a big city was exciting. He was just glad that all of his childhood friends had liked it so much when they visited that they decided to move here too.

The other reason, however, was the hope that maybe someday he would be able to be out and proud in a city that wouldn't have torch wielding mobs chasing after him. This was the closest he had ever been to making that dream a reality, and he wasn't intending on going back if he could help it. Even if Will didn't want him romantically, he hoped that the kind man would still help release him from the shackles he had been wearing since he was born.

He found himself wondering whether one of those lights in the distance belonged to Will. He wasn't sure whether the brunette would still be awake at this hour. He knew very little about the man he had just asked out come to think of it. Though he supposed that's what tomorrow was for. He wondered what secrets the man hid. They couldn't be bigger than his own confession, surely? He wondered so many things, like what were his hobbies? And did he have many friends? There was so much to learn about the fascinating man and Mike couldn't wait.

Mike suddenly yawned and felt his eyes grow drowsy. He looked at the clock on his bedside table and saw that he had spent over an hour staring out the window. He sighed and stood up, deciding that it was worth attempting to get to sleep now. He quickly removed his clothing, leaving him only in his black boxer shorts. He quickly climbed under the covers on his side of the bed and got himself comfortable.

After one last glance out of the window he closed his eyes and willed himself to fall asleep. He disappeared into dreamland at record pace, finally for once in his life falling asleep happy rather than miserable. Instead of his usual dream about being with a faceless man, he instead smiled in his sleep to the image of being with Will, only Will for the rest of his life.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm incapable of writing slow burn romance lol I find it much more interesting to write about the problems of being together rather than the problems of getting together.

My current plan is to write 2 more chapters of senior year scheming then write the next one of this, with maybe a few one shots in between.

Comments and kudos much appreciated I need motivation :-)

3. Conditions

Summary for the Chapter:

Will pays a visit and the two get to know each other and make a crucial decision about the future of their relationship.

Notes for the Chapter:

Haven't updated this in nearly a month so hope it was worth the wait. This is probably the series that takes the longest to write a chapter of so I'm hoping it is also the highest quality.

For some reason I'm really into cheating fics and I'm disappointed there isn't really anything for Byler, hmm I wonder if this says something about me? lol

Saturday morning for Mike began exactly like it always did, with him instantly pulling down his boxers to deal with the problem that had formed overnight. Jane had woken up early to supervise Chloe, whilst he was given some extra time to stay in bed. His turn to watch Chloe at the break of dawn would occur tomorrow. He couldn't remember waking up this early on a Saturday as a child. It sometimes felt like Chloe just wanted them to be sleep deprived zombies for the rest of the morning.

Unusually, however, Mike's session didn't last very long. Thoughts of Will invaded his mind as he jacked off, causing him to release much quicker than usual. He felt slightly embarrassed at thinking about someone he had only met yesterday in that way, but in all fairness Will had implied that that is where things might go. Will was everything he could ever want in a partner. How could he resist the temptation to fantasize about him?

Mike was very aware of the fact that he masturbated a lot more than the average married man his age, which was another source of embarrassment. But at the same time how else was he supposed to get himself off if the mere thought of touching his wife caused him to

scrunch up his face in disgust? He let out a miserable sigh as he cleaned up the mess he had created. Most couples would do this kind of thing together, but most couples are also attracted to each other.

With his chest now clean, he threw his dirty underwear in the washing basket, swung his legs out of bed and proceeded to stand up wearily. After a quick stretch of his stiff muscles, he grabbed his dressing gown from the hook on the back of his bedroom door and made his way to his ensuite bathroom to get ready for the day. He turned on the shower and leant against the sink, humming to himself whilst he waited for it to warm up.

Mike grimaced as he looks in the mirror. He really wasn't the kind of person who could just get out of bed looking perfect. His hair was a complete mess and he had random splodges of redness covering his body due to his weird sleeping position. He wondered absentmindedly whether he had looked better or worse when he was with Will. If he had known that he was meeting someone like that, he would have actually put effort into his appearance instead of showing up in his work suit. But on the flip side, it showed that Will legitimately found him attractive if he liked him when he wasn't looking his best.

That thought alone put a smile back on his face as Mike decided that he needed to be more thorough than usual with his morning routine if he wanted to impress Will. He checked the water and decided it was warm enough to get in, so he removed his dressing gown and stepped under the scalding hot water. He grabbed his bottle of strawberry scented shampoo, opened the cap and squirted some into his hand before putting it into his curls and scrubbing it in.

He then grabbed his bottle of body wash with an identical scent and started lathering his body with it. With that done, he rinsed his body and hair until all the lather was gone, making sure to wash a lot more thoroughly than usual. He sings Queen songs to himself as he showers, partially to distract himself so he doesn't think about Will again and get a problem, and partially because this is the only chance he gets to sing.

Mike had always liked singing, but the problem was that no one else liked him singing. His family told him that singing was for girls and

queers, his friends told him singing was uncool, and Jane straight up told him she didn't like it when he sang. So singing had ended up filed away into a large warehouse in his mind along with everything else he liked but wasn't allowed to do. He wondered how singing was catalogued. Perhaps it was slotted directly between writing and homosexuality. Maybe one day he would find the key to that building, but for now he was still looking.

With his body significantly cleaner than it usually was and smelling very pleasant, Mike stepped out of the shower and turned off the water. He dried himself off with a towel then wrapped it around his waist. He checked to see that it was secure then turned to the mirror. He then set about sprucing up his appearance. He carefully shaved, making sure to get every last hair. Next he brushed his teeth until they sparkled before finally applying deodorant and finishing his morning routine smelling like minty strawberries.

After one last glance in the mirror to check if he had missed anything, Mike grabs his dressing gown and exits the bathroom. Back in his room he removed the towel and started rummaging through his closet looking for clothing to make him look good. He had been in a relationship for 17 years, so he rarely had the need to dress up nice and this was a bit of a struggle. It didn't help that he had never been allowed to buy his own clothes. When he was a child his parents bought him all his clothes, and now that he was married that job belonged to Jane.

Eventually he managed to find something that suited his needs. He pulled on a pair of grey boxer shorts before squeezing into his tightest blue jeans and putting on a close fitting turquoise t-shirt. Seeing how nicely the tight clothing fit his muscular frame caused Mike to smile to himself smugly in the mirror. He very much hoped that he would make a better impression on Will than he did last night in his sweaty work suit.

Now fully dressed and looking hot as fuck if he did say so himself, Mike excitedly bounded out of the room and rushed down the stairs feeling like a giddy teenager. His clock had said 9:17 am when he left the room, so he still had a few hours until Will arrived, but he was in such a good mood that he didn't care. He walked into the empty kitchen and grabbed a carton of orange juice from the fridge and

proceeded to pour it into a glass.

He then grabs a load of fruit and puts it into a bowl. With his breakfast now prepared, he grabbed the bowl with one hand and the glass with the other and made his way towards the lounge. Luckily, the door was already open so he didn't need to open it with his foot. He paused briefly in the doorway as he made eye contact with Jane, who paused with her cup of coffee halfway to her lips as he sat on the couch. But he managed to push through the initial awkwardness and give her a fake smile before taking a seat in his usual armchair.

"Morning, honey. How did you sleep?" Mike greeted cheerily as he settles into his seat and puts his glass on the table next to him. Jane gives him a look of surprise when she heard his sincere tone, which is understandable. He was trying to be as nice as possible to her without interacting with her romantically, for Chloe's sake. Mike always chose to sit on the other side of the room from her on purpose as it was much easier to talk to her affectionately when she couldn't touch him.

"I was sleeping ok until an hour or so ago. I'm surprised you managed to sleep through Chloe jumping on our bed to wake me up." Jane chuckled, matching his sincere tone. As she said this, she gestured to Chloe, who was lying on her stomach watching *The Little Mermaid* for the 20th time. She was completely engrossed in the film despite how many times she had watched it. She seemed completely oblivious to the world around her as she stared mindlessly at the screen.

It frustrated Jane to no end that that is the film that she chose as her favourite. She disapproved of the moral message that it was ok to give up your voice for a man. Mike did agree with her, but at the same time he couldn't really comment seeing as he probably would give up his voice for a safe relationship with a man. He also didn't mind Chloe watching the movie because the males were kinda good looking. It seemed silly to stare at cartoon characters in that way, but it was one of the few chances he got to look at half naked men without suspicion.

"As you're well aware, I'm a very heavy sleeper." Mike chuckled. "She would have to literally slap me to wake me up." Jane nodded in

agreement at his statement and they both laughed together happily. Sometimes he could almost forget that he wanted out of this marriage; when they were laughing like good friends he liked her a lot more. If Jane were an abusive partner he would have gotten out of here by now. But Jane was just so kind that he could never bring himself to do it and that was without even thinking about the effect a divorce would have on Chloe.

One look at his daughter told him she wasn't in the mood for social interaction. If he tried to say good morning to her all he would get would be a grunt of acknowledgement. So instead he just settled into a pleasant conversation with Jane about plans for the coming week and general work stuff whilst he ate his breakfast. He loved her so much platonically and liked being around her non-romantically. He didn't want to lose her. If he hadn't been stupid enough to ask her out, she would have been a lifelong friend. But now it's forever hanging over him that someday he will have to break her heart.

When he finished his breakfast, Jane stopped talking somewhat abruptly. This was a reasonable reaction. After finishing his breakfast Mike usually shut himself in his office to continue his writing until Jane left for work. But today was different. She gave him a look of surprise when he put his bowl on the table next to his glass and continued the conversation like nothing had happened. He reasoned that spending more time as a family would improve his daughter's happiness, and probably Jane's as well.

The rest of the morning passed peacefully with Mike and Jane making pleasant conversation. He still kept his distance physically as he wasn't sure if he could still fake physical affection well, but it seemed to be working. All three of them were in a good mood for the rest of the morning. When *The Little Mermaid* finally finished, Chloe hastened to continue her Disney marathon. Mike didn't pay much attention to the next two movies though as they didn't contain shirtless men.

At the end of the 3rd film they decided to have lunch. Mike's diet was very healthy due to his general healthy lifestyle, so he made his own lunch whilst Jane made her's and Chloe's. He watched in amusement as Jane tried to persuade Chloe to eat some raisins with her lunch. Like most children, she appeared to have a hatred for anything

remotely healthy. Jane playfully glared at him for encouraging her with his giggles as Chloe stubbornly pouted in response to Jane's attempts.

He wasn't sure whether his wife was more irritated or glad when Chloe ate the raisins without a fight when he asked her to. Mike had learned that it was a lot more fun being the good cop in these situations. After they finished Jane set off for work, and he had to stifle a grimace as she kissed him on the lips and exchanged loving words. Once she was gone, Mike took Chloe through to the playroom and sat on the floor with her as she played with the mountain of toys she owned.

He had partly inherited his parents' approach of buying love with presents, so as a result Chloe owned more toys than she knew what to do with. He had been fighting against that instinct recently though, and endeavoured to actually spend time with her even if it was at the cost of not spending time with Jane. She was a bit put out that she wasn't allowed another movie, but Mike wasn't budging as he needed the lounge to have a conversation with Will.

Chloe took the news that Will was coming over for the afternoon relatively well. She liked her teacher, but to be fair he had given her a timeout yesterday so she was still a bit cross. Mike worked tirelessly to improve her mood though as he joined in with the tea party she was having for her dolls. He knew that Will would have no problem with interacting with Chloe a bit. He just hoped they would be able to have a proper conversation without Chloe figuring anything out.

The familiar sound of the ringing of a doorbell suddenly came from across the house, startling him out of his thoughts. Mike felt butterflies filling his stomach as he stood up and started making his way towards the front door. He was delayed slightly by his daughter telling him off for leaving the tea party without asking permission, but he eventually escaped her clutches after some sweet talking.

Every footstep made the nervousness filling his stomach double. Mike felt his chest tightening due to his anxiety as he entered a state of mild panic. He felt like a bottle of ketchup that was being squeezed for every last trace of liquid, except the liquid was his blood. His mind filled with irrational worries of not being good enough as he

got closer and closer to the door. He hesitated as he put a hand on the doorknob. What did he have to be worried about? Will had shown up, hadn't he?

With that last thought in mind, he took one last deep breath before unlocking and opening the door. He was very fortunate he had taken a deep breath beforehand, as once Mike saw the sight in front of him he forgot how to breathe. He had thought that he was taking a lot of effort with his appearance today, but Will looked like he had been dressed by some kind of gay God.

Above his black sneakers, Will wore blue jeans that seemed to be somehow even tighter than his own. They displayed the muscles in his legs perfectly. On his chest he wore a tight red shirt that was covered by an even tighter black jacket, once again displaying his perfect thin frame magnificently. His face was clean shaven like the day before, but his skin seemed to glow, so he had probably put something on it. Either way it made his sharp jawline stand out beautifully.

Will's hair was even tidier than it was yesterday. Swept across to one side, it made him look positively dashing, the wind barely messing it up. His lips were rose red, plump, and dying to be kissed. His eyes shined with determination as Will stared at Mike just as intensely as Mike stared at Will. The fact that he was rendered completely mute at the sight of the Adonis in front of him seemed to rapidly become a source of hilarity for Will, as the shorter man's mouth morphed into an amused smile. "Are you going to invite me in? Or are we just going to keep checking each other out on your doorstep?"

Mike still has nothing to say in response, so he just flushes and moves out of the way whilst gesturing for Will to enter. Will made a face like he was tempted to tease him about his lack of words, but he doesn't. Instead he walks into the house, taking his shoes off near the door and revealing his rainbow socks. "You have a beautiful home," Will comments as he walks down the hallway towards the lounge whilst Mike closes the door.

"Thank you," Mike mumbles in response as he follows Will down the hall, temporarily glad for the subject change. He had never experienced this feeling of nervousness at being around someone he

liked before. It was easy to talk with Jane when they first met because he wasn't attracted to her and he had never had that kind of experience with a man before now.

"Not as beautiful as the owner though." Will chuckles quietly as they walk into the room, making Mike once again go mute to Will's obvious amusement. Will shakes his head and follows the sound of Chloe talking to her dolls to go greet her, leaving Mike to recover.

Mike slumps down on the couch in embarrassment and holds his head in his hands. He needed to calm himself down. Will obviously likes him. If he could get a grip on himself he could enjoy their time together happily. He was desperate to get to know Will. He really needed to regain the confidence that had gone out the window the second he heard the doorbell. He took a few more deep breaths to try to bring his breathing back to normal, and mentally prepared himself for the conversation ahead.

A minute or so later Will re-enters the room with a blinding smile on his face. Clearly Chloe had reacted well to his arrival. The shorter man sits down on the couch next to him and looks at him expectantly. Mike may have somewhat recovered, but not enough to start the conversation. Will seems to understand though, like always, so he does it for him. "So, how was your morning?"

From that moment on it was like a dam had broken and they were suddenly talking normally like there was no awkward tension in the room whatsoever. They both were obviously very aware that the subject has to come up eventually, but for now they both seemed to be focussed on learning more about each other. They couldn't really have that kind of conversation with his daughter in earshot anyway, so there was plenty of time. Eventually Chloe would fall asleep due to her waking up ridiculously early and then there would be no excuse.

After some pleasantries, they started the conversation with hobbies. There were many things that they didn't share, such as Will's love of art and Mike's love of writing. But even though they are different, those talents still meld together quite well. They also quickly discovered that a lot of their interests were shared, such as comic books, video games, radio, and most importantly D&D. This prompted a full on discussion about D&D as well as Mike inviting

Will to the party's D&D campaign next Friday.

It seemed fate was drawing them together at this point. Even their D&D respective characters, paladin and cleric were classes that worked well together. Thinking about D&D made Mike sink into a daydream for a few moments where he was a mighty warrior chasing his magical love across the land, only able to identify them by their signature scent of lilac and gooseberries. He quickly shook himself out of that one though. It was a bit weird to daydream about being in love with someone that smells like the person you are talking to.

After mentioning their friends several times in the duration of the D&D discussion, they started to talk about them more specifically. As he told childhood stories of the party together, Mike couldn't help but wonder how much happier his memories would be if Will was in them. Meanwhile Will told him about Robin, Steve, and his older brother, Jonathon. He thought it slightly odd that Will's friends were all a few years older than him and one was a sibling, but he didn't push the issue.

The conversation then turned to exercise as they both obviously work out to some extent. Mike is proven right with his theory that Will is a runner whilst he tells Will about his own exercise preferences. They both also agree that they should exercise together at some point, which gives Mike yet another excuse to be out of the house. The most enjoyable part of the discussion was when they laughed over their shared trait of being hopelessly unathletic when they were teenagers.

Next up was career choices and childhoods. Mike had already explained most of his life story the previous night, so there wasn't much to discuss there. Will's story was more interesting though, as it related to some more sensitive topics that had Will going misty eyed for the duration of the discussion.

Will told him how he had been inspired to go into teaching by two people. The first was the happier tale. Mr. Clarke was his middle school science teacher. He had shown him the joy of learning and how happy it can make you showing others new things. This was when the idea to become a teacher had started, but it wasn't the thing that fully drove him all the way to becoming a teacher. That came in the form of his high school science teacher, Bob Newby.

At the start of high school Will was very unhappy. He was struggling with coming to terms with his sexuality, and the friends he had weren't close enough for him to trust. He had spent kindergarten friendless, so when he started making friends in middle school he was slow to trust them, which resulted in them being a bit distant. But Bob was the kindest person he had known outside of his family, and in time he opened up to him.

Bob gave him the courage to be himself and not give a fuck what anyone else thought. The kindness and love he received from someone that wasn't even related to him was awe inspiring. Bob Newby was a hero in Will's eyes for as long as he knew him. Bob was the first person Will had come out to, and after that his support for Will only grew. It grew even more when he married his mother. Will had never had a positive paternal figure in his life due to his biological father being an abusive piece of shit, so having Bob was something he never thought he would get.

He was there to comfort Will when his friends abandoned him after he came out in senior year, and he was also there at the end of his unsuccessful relationships in college. If he didn't have Bob he wouldn't have had the confidence to date or make new friends. Will gave all the credit to Bob whenever he made a new friend or went on a date. Among other things, he wouldn't have become friends with Steve and Robin if not for Bob. All of this persuaded him that teaching was for him, as he wanted to have the ability to help children in the same way that Bob had helped him.

His close connection with the man was why when he received the worst phone call he had ever received in his life three years ago, he spent the following few weeks in constant tears. Three years ago Will had received the news that Bob had died from a wild animal attack. He didn't take the news well whatsoever. He cried more than his mother did, and spent weeks visiting Bob's grave daily. He also started painting really dark things around this time to release his sorrow, which explained the paintings on Will's wall.

Eventually though, his friends intervened and persuaded him to move to New York with them so he could start to move on. Which was how he had ended up teaching in New York and having his best friend Robin as his landlady. He had managed to come to terms with Bob's

death in the next few years, though he still made it a tradition to visit his grave on the anniversary of his death. He barely visited his hometown now and somewhat resented when his mother had started dating someone else a month or so ago.

When Will finished his story, Mike found that he had tears in eyes as well. He quickly wiped them away and withdrew the comforting hand that had somehow ended up on Will's knee. He had told Will at the beginning of his story that he didn't have to tell him if it was a sensitive subject, but Will wouldn't hear of it after what Mike had admitted to him the previous night. Mike couldn't help but wonder how his life might have been different if he had had someone as supportive as Bob when he was growing up.

Whilst Will was recovering from retelling his story, they noticed that all the noise in the playroom had faded and Chloe hadn't come in to say hello in a while. She had been constantly coming into the room interrupting their conversation to show Will one of her toys or to ask him a question, but now it was dead silent. Mike quietly got up from his seat and looked into the other room. He found his daughter cuddled up in a pile of teddies fast asleep.

He smiled to himself at the adorable sight and closed the playroom door behind him. She would probably be a bit cranky later when she woke up, but for now she was peaceful. She would be growing out of her napping phase soon so Mike always took pleasure in sweet moments like this. Mike quickly sat back down on the couch next to Will who had cheered up significantly at the news Chloe was asleep.

"So, should we talk about the elephant in the room?" Will asked hesitantly and Mike nodded in response. This is what he had been waiting for all day. "I do have a confession to make first." Will sighed, looking away thoughtfully for a second before returning his attention to Mike. "The thing I cancelled so I could come here was a date. Which sounds stupid because you're married, but I can't help but feel a special connection with you despite the fact we've just met," Will rambled somewhat despairingly, throwing his hands in the air in the process.

Mike smiled. He knew exactly what Will meant, as he felt the exact same feeling drawing him to Will. He opened his mouth to tell him

this, but Will stopped him. "But as much as I like you and want to try something with you, I've been thinking a lot since last night and I need to make some things clear. So can you let me talk for a few minutes without interruption?" Will asked as Mike hastened to nod in agreement. He would do anything to get Will to trust him.

Will took another deep breath before starting to talk. "It goes against my moral principles to help you cheat on your wife, and I would prefer not to take part in it." This was not a good start for Mike and he felt his smile waver in disappointment at Will's words. "But," Will continued, instantly getting Mike's hopes up again. "I also know that you will end up cheating on Jane at some point even if it isn't with me because you have been desperate for a relationship with a man all your life. So seeing as it's going to happen anyway, I might as well make us both happy by agreeing to it, however morally wrong it is." Will sighed, sounding a bit conflicted.

Mike really wanted to speak to reassure Will, but he obeyed Will's request and sure enough Will continued. "But I need to make some things clear if we are going to do this." Will paused again before continuing. "I am not willing for this to just be a sexual relationship. I want the opportunity to come to care for you as a person and for us to have as normal a relationship as possible whilst you're still married."

"I know you're not ready to get a divorce yet, and I'm not going to pressure you about that. I just need the reassurance that it will happen at some point. I'm willing to wait, but I'm not willing to wait years. I think you're the most attractive guy I've ever laid eyes on, and I've never met someone who I've gotten on so well with instantly. So I hope that we can make this work. If you are willing to agree to my conditions, I'm willing to give this a go," Will finished and looked at Mike expectantly.

Mike didn't even hesitate to answer as Will had offered exactly what he wanted. "Yes, I agree to all your conditions. I will try and work myself up to a divorce, but like you said I can't promise it will happen instantly. But with your support maybe it will happen sooner," Mike replied. The pair looked at each other admiringly, like they weren't in one of the strangest situations two men can be in. They had both just agreed to have an affair with a man they had met

only the day before.

“So what do we do now?” Mike laughed, breaking their comfortable silence. “Shake hands to seal the deal?”

Will giggled along with him, but he looked like he was thinking about something. Mike was about to ask what, when Will answered his question. “We could, you know, kiss to seal the deal,” Will suggested shyly, shocking Mike. But not because he didn’t want to. No, he had been waiting for this moment his entire life. “Only if you want to though, of course,” Will quickly added in a slightly flustered tone when Mike didn’t answer.

“If you think that I don’t want to kiss you, then you’re going to be constantly surprised over the next few months.” Mike chuckles heartily with Will quickly joining in. But when the giggles die down they’re both just staring at each other awkwardly, neither sure how to proceed. After a lot of hesitation, Mike decides to take the leap and slowly starts leaning in. And to his delight, Will does the same milliseconds later.

Mike takes in every single feature of Will as they get closer. He was completely incapable of deciding which one he liked best, but that wasn’t the issue right now. All that mattered was that he needed to close his eyes because he was only inches away from Will’s lips and that distance was quickly vanishing. He closed his eyes and waited for Will’s lips to brush against his own. When they finally did, he couldn’t help but feel whole for the first time in his life.

Waves of happiness washed through him. His lips were finally meeting the lips of someone he actually wanted to kiss. This was what kissing was meant to feel like. Not the cold feeling of wrongness he had become used to experiencing. He felt like he was at the centre of a supernova, the world exploding around him. The only thing that mattered was the taste of Will. It was everything he had ever dreamed of and more, and he couldn’t wait to do it again.

It was a very short kiss, but it still felt a million times better than every other kiss he had ever received put together. As they drew away, Mike opened his eyes and stared into Will’s. He instantly paused his backwards movement, and to his surprise so did Will.

Their faces were still only inches away from each other, but neither of them wanted to draw back. They just kept staring, both seemingly searching for something in the other's eyes though neither of them knew what that was. But when Mike figured out what he was searching for he instantly found it, and what he was looking for was permission.

Mike hesitated for a few more seconds before giving in to the hormones he hadn't used in his teenage years. He threw himself forward onto Will, connecting their lips again as he pushed Will down onto his back, settling between his legs. Any fear that he had that he was reading the signs wrong was immediately quashed when Will kissed back with just as much vigour. He hadn't made out with Jane since they were teenagers and he hadn't enjoyed it then, but with Will it was the highlight of his life as he swiftly wraps his arms around Will's waist.

He might have been worried about smothering Will from his weight pressed down onto him, but Will didn't seem to mind. In fact he seemed to be encouraging it. He wrapped his arms around Mike's neck and pulled him closer whilst their lips continued to move against each other. Mike began pushing his tongue against Will's lips, begging for entry. Will quickly granted his request, not bothering to fight Mike's desperate attack.

Mike's tongue dived into the welcoming warmth of Will's mouth, exploring the wet sweetness that every part of Will embodied. He explored every crevice in the cavern of Will's mouth greedily. He ran his tongue along every wall, taking in the damp pleasantness that he couldn't enjoy when kissing a woman. He shifted slightly as they continued enthusiastically making out and was made immediately aware of a problem.

He groaned into Will's mouth when he felt his erection pushing against Will's body. And judging by how the smaller man smirked into his mouth at Mike's groan, Will felt it too. This was the first time he had ever been aroused at someone's mere touch. He had been considering faking erectile dysfunction next time Jane asked for sex. Will's obvious triumphant mood wouldn't last long, however. He moans into Mike's mouth the next time they shift, and Mike feels Will's own hard on prodding him.

The desperate movement of their lips is immediately mirrored by their cocks when they both realise what the other is feeling. They start grinding against each other frantically, both very much caught up in lust and completely forgetting where they are. All they seemed to care about was the pleasure they were experiencing. That is until they hear movement coming from the next room.

They both instantly disconnect their lips and look over at the closed playroom door in panic. Light footsteps start to get louder, so Mike leaps backwards off of Will and tries to sit in a normal position. He was very thankful that his daughter was too young to notice anything off unless it was incredibly obvious. She was unlikely to notice how red they both were or how their clothes and hair were very out of place.

By the time they had both somewhat straightened out their appearance again, Chloe had reached the door and slowly opened it. Luckily it took her a while due to her height. "Daddy," she groaned grumpily. "I'm bored," she continued as she made her way over to him and flopped down in his lap. He gasped due to his daughter landing on his very sensitive cock which was still painfully hard in his tight jeans.

As he struggled to respond with his daughter sitting above his painfully hard member, he was once again incredibly thankful for the fact she was too young to know why his lap was so uncomfortable. "Well, what do you want to do, pumpkin?" Mike asks sweetly whilst manoeuvring her so she was sitting on his knee instead of on his problem. Will quietly snorts when he responds, which prompts him to look over at Will whilst she contemplates her answer.

Will seemed to be struggling to hold in laughter, and he only released more noises of amusement when he noticed Mike observing him. Will clearly understood Mike's issue and found it hilarious, so Mike decided to just glare at the other man. "Can we watch a film?" Chloe asked eagerly, eyes filling with hope. Mike glanced at Will again. He nodded in agreement, so Mike allowed her to grab a film for her to watch seeing as his and Will's conversation had already reached its desired result.

They spent the next hour or so happily watching *Pocahontas* with

Chloe. Will seemed more than happy to entertain her with jokes whilst Mike contemplated what had just happened. Eventually Mike allowed her to curl up in his lap again, since the problem in his pants had calmed down. After that, the rest of the day went swimmingly. The film was nearing its ending when the sound of the door opening echoed from down the hall.

None of them bothered looking up from the film and they all sat silently, unanimously agreeing to allow Jane to make her way to the lounge in her own time. When she did make an appearance, she gave him and Chloe a kiss and greeted Will warmly. The brunette went slightly rigid when watching Jane giving him a kiss, but Mike considered that to be understandable considering what had happened not long ago. He wondered whether Will was feeling jealous or guilty at the sight. Mike was definitely feeling guilty.

He didn't regret what happened, and he fully intended for it to happen again, but that didn't stop him from feeling guilty for Jane's sake. He had kissed someone else and grinded very enthusiastically against them, so he considered himself officially a cheater now. He really needed to divorce her, but as he had proved all his life, he was too cowardly to do anything like that. He had let people control him for as long as he could remember. It was a difficult mould to break free from.

The only person who gave him the strength to break out of his shell was Will. If only he had Will in his life when he was a child; he might have been happy. It wasn't too late. If Will allowed them to have this relationship for a while then maybe he would gain the courage to do something about Jane. But for now he tried to suppress the feeling of immense guilt as his wife and secret gay lover exchanged small talk.

Jane obviously invited Will to stay for dinner, and to the immense surprise and delight of Mike he accepted. Mike decided to take this to mean that Will wasn't disappointed by the kissing and didn't regret it. Mike was more than happy to spend the evening with Will even if it was in the unwelcome presence of Jane. It was ironic how well Will and Jane seemed to get on. You might think they were siblings when observing their behaviour and appearance.

After a bit more chatting, Jane retreated into the kitchen to prepare

dinner whilst he put in the next film in Chloe's Disney marathon. *Aladdin* was on, and Mike was once again contemplating the attractiveness of cartoon characters. His mind wasn't allowed to think about this for long though, as he was suddenly distracted by the man next to him.

He hadn't noticed Will's hand moving slowly towards his thigh until it was actually touching him. He looked over at Will curiously whilst Will ignored his gaze and simply stared at the screen in front of them. His hand, however, told a different story as it started rubbing his leg cautiously and tentatively squeezing it. It was like Will was trying to give him a problem. Then he realised that was exactly what Will was doing.

He slapped Will's hand away and glared playfully at him. He had no intention of getting a boner whilst his daughter was on his lap ever again. Will's eyes remained glued to the screen throughout the whole interaction, but his hearty grin showed he was very much amused. The rest of the time they sat in the lounge passed in a similar fashion. Every time he focussed back on the film, Will's hand started teasing his thigh, forcing him to slap the hand away to Will's obvious amusement.

Mike was very relieved when Jane called them to dinner so Will couldn't tease him anymore. He instantly paused the film and stood up like a shot, carrying Chloe to the dinner table before she could start complaining about wanting to keep watching the movie. He deposited her in her usual seat next to him and sat down at the head of the table. Jane was already standing by her seat serving out the meatloaf onto plates, so that left Will to choose one of the vacant seats.

Will chose the one next to Chloe, which was understandable as sitting next to Jane might have been a little too awkward. Mike was just glad Will couldn't continue teasing him as they were out of reach from each other. They made pleasant conversation whilst they ate Jane's spectacular cooking, Mike choosing not to join in much. Jane and Will talked like they were old friends, asking ordinary questions whilst Chloe occasionally joined in with some babbling.

It was lucky that both Jane and Chloe liked Will so much or it would

be very difficult to justify his behaviour over the next few months. When they finished the food, Will decided to make his leave. After saying goodbye to the other two, Mike walked him to the door. Will opened the door and turned to Mike. They stood there for a few moments, neither sure what to say to the other.

“So, when are you able to see me again?” Will asked quietly after a lot of awkward staring. “I know I’m invited to D&D on Friday, but I was, you know, hoping to see you sooner.”

Mike smiled and nodded. “I would love to see you sooner. I’m not sure when I will be able to find the time, but I will try very hard to,” Mike said truthfully.

“Call me when you find the time. I can’t wait to see more of you,” Will said happily with a smile. A second later that smile turned flirtatious. “You can take me wanting to see more of you in any way you want to.” Will giggled, making Mike’s cheeks burn.

“Yeah, you too,” Mike whispered back, his eyes trailing over Will’s body for a second before flicking back up to his eyes. He coughs and says more normally, “I guess this is goodbye for now then.”

“I suppose so. Maybe someday we won’t have to say goodbye in the evening, but today isn’t that day,” Will says sadly. With that he starts to turn away mournfully to leave, but midway through he pauses and turns back. Mike wonders why for a second or so, but it becomes obvious when Will gives him a peck on the lips. It makes him melt all over again. Will then smiles and swiftly walked away. When he reached the end of the driveway, he turned back and waved briefly before turning and speed walking away into the night.

Mike watched him walk away until he was out of sight, unable to look away. He was completely in awe of what the smaller man could do to him. When he was finally able to tear his eyes away from the darkening street, he closed the door and leaned against it. He smiled as he thought about the possibilities of what they could do together.

He panicked slightly when he realised he didn’t actually know Will’s number, but that soon faded when he realised that Will had slipped a piece of paper into his pocket. Will really was perfect for him in

every way. They were just as similar as he and Jane were different. If there was one lesson that stood out from all this, it was that whoever said opposites attract was a homophobic moron.

Notes for the Chapter:

One day I will write a series that doesn't have a Byler kiss by chapter 3 but today is not that day lol the same goes for Bob, I want to make a story where he lives but here I needed him to be dead for the narrative, at least I made him the hero we all know him as.

Sexual content wasn't particularly graphic here but it will be a lot more so in the future.

Thank you too everyone who takes the time to read, leave kudos or comment, all interactions mean the world to me :-)